

You need some Smoochie

by Ghost Peacock

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Summary: Harmony tries to stop an old enemy of hers with a weapon he truly did not expect. Takes place before the Ham-Ham Heartbreak video game. R&R

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A fan fiction by Franki Lew

Spat, Harmony, and "Hamtaro" belong to Ritsuko Kawai

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This Hamtaro fan fiction came about after playing Ham-ham heartbreak and loving the thing to bits. More than that, I love Spat. Even as a kid, he had to be my favorite ham-ham to create material for. In case your wondering, this is based off the video game and not the Anime. More specofically this is set a few days before the game as a way to explain why Harmony needs to build her strength and why she was following Spat.

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><p>Harmony was perched on the limb of a tree gazing at the golden fields in front of her. Her pure white fur glistened in the afternoon sun. Not a sound was heard, other then the passing of cars or the whistle of wind. Beyond the horizon was a decadent sea and lovely town lying next to it. She sighed; in any other case the idea of the hamsters living in that peaceful town would send her spirits flying. The idea of their love, in all aspects, flourishing without the slightest interruption. She could hear it, smell it, see it, and feel it with the incredible senses she had as the ham-ham keeper of love

itself. But the sad fact was she wasn't here for a vacation. She was here because of an enemy. An enemy she knew was close byâ€|<p>

"Spat," she murmured as the sensation of seething hate ran up her spine. She looked behind her shoulder to see him on the tree branch apart from hers. His face contorted into a wicked smile, his claws tapping aimlessly against his pitchfork, waiting for her to strike.

"Hello Harmony, phft," he said in a gravelly voice.

Before he could say anything else the angel ham-ham spun around and shot a beam of blue light at his face. As the dust cleared she saw that he wasn't there at all. It didn't surprise her. It also didn't surprise her when she felt his presence right beside her a second later. Before the bolts of red lightning even appeared around his pitchfork's base, she disappeared as well.

"Rats!" Spat spat.

"Spat," Harmony said reappearing on a tree opposite of him, "don't you dare head to that town. It's not even that big, why can't you just leave ham-ham's alone?"

Spat shot out his own beam of light that Harmony dodged. "Why must you go there and bother them with you're obsessive matchmaking, phft? I'm just doing what I do best. Stay out of it gerbil, phft!"

At her wits end Harmony jumped off the tree and into the air, raising her wand up high. The scepter began glow with the impressive blue magic of love and humility. "How DARE you!"

"Ooooh! It's dual you want is it, phft?" Spat, using his incredibly weak bat wings jumped off the tree branch and flew as well. After finally establishing himself he levitated just under the white hamster pointing his pitchfork in her direction. "Say you're prayers, Harmony!"

But just as the devil ham's weapon was firing up, the magic in Harmony's wand dimmed and she drew closer to him. "No Spat, I'm not going to fight you."

Like a child would with an order from one of his parents, Spat groaned an irritated whine. "Oh, phft! Why do you always have to end the fun I was just getting ready, phft!"

"Spat listen to me. There's no way you could have hated love you're whole life? How can you possibly live without love? Didn't you love you're mother? Or had an owner who loved you? Do you even love yourself? You simply mustn't live without loveâ€|."

"Bleh!" Spat gagged. "Stop getting sentimental already! I have more important things to do, phft!"

"But Spat you couldn't have always been like this. Look at me! I was once a sad, quiet little hamster living in a shop where no human ever wanted to take me home. Then I discovered the magic love had and decided to share that love with all hams. I got my powers and became who I am. Who were youâ€|didn't you ever feel all smoochie in your

life?"

Spat choked and shook a burning tear off his face. He turned his head as if to shut away some painful memory. "No! Stay away from me you disgustingly sweet female!"

Fluttering back to the tree Spat firmly stabbed the side of it with his pitchfork and grumbled. Harmony took a deep breath unsure of the idea she was conceiving. Never in her time knowing the devilish hamster had she actually shared a moment with him. Swallowing her fears, and a bit of her dignity, she flew to his side and landed beside him.

"If you never had love in your life," she said, "perhaps what you really need is love."

Just as planned Spat turned around to retaliate with a cruel comment. But as he was about to Harmony tackled him pressing her lips firmly against his. The devil ham became a stone statue looking intently into the closed eyes of the hamster giving him a long, drawn out kiss, an action he had never received.

He just stood there for a moment in shock, letting Harmony do with him as she pleased. It wasn't long before the intense blush on his face simmered and he clutched her white fur with his unusually sharp paws. Harmony's whiskers stood up on end in desperation to reach her enemy and perhaps save him from his own stone heart. She accepted every unintentional scratch and bite he made across her skin. Finally she pulled away and stroked the fur on his face warmly.

"Spat," she said, "I'm sorry for doing that but I just feel like everyone everywhere should be happy. I felt like, well, maybe that's what you really need to be happy. What do you say? Friends, at the very least?"

Spat looked down at Harmony's extended paw knowing she wanted him to shake hands with her and retire his old ways. Uncertain but still very much liking the idea of receiving love, he placed his paw in her palm. The minute he did so his pitchfork, which was grasped in his other paw, singed the fur all the way up his arm. With a screech of pain the devil ham swatted Harmony away. Despite this he held on tightly to his pitchfork, as if to punish himself for nearly giving into his emotions. Engulfed with power his tiny wings propelled Spat into the air.

"Leave me alone, phft!" he shouted. He pointed his fork at Harmony shooting a beam of red energy at her face. The small ham-ham fell several feet to the ground. The branch they were sitting on also broke and fell directly on top of her. Seeing Harmony injured brought a great deal of relief to Spat and he laughed manically at the sky.

"Try as you might, phft! You can't catch me. No matter where I go I promise to leave behind a trail of broken hearts, phft. I wouldn't worry about that if I were you Harmony. You have a lot more "broken" things to worry about! Hahahahaha! The race is on, phft!" With that the devil hamster took off slowly down the hill and on his way to the town.

Harmony reached out her paw and slowly dragged herself out from under

the branch. Her energy had been depleted by the zap of Spat's power alone. Her wings were in no shape to fly and her wand was nowhere to be found. By the time she had repositioned herself Spat was already miles ahead of her.

"You'll never get away with this Spat," she sighed, not believing a single word that came out of her mouth.

End
file.